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William Cobbett.



AMONG eminent men who have lived in this province, I do not think there is another who has obtained and exercised so great an influence on the life and thought of his time, and on the history of England, as William Cobbett.

Though his public service was rendered, and his public offences, if we choose to call them such, were committed after he left the province, it was here that he trained himself for his great life work. It will be seen that the remarkable versatility of knowledge and of sympathy, the extraordinary energy, industry and capacity, the fury with which he pursued his enemies, the power of concentration and expansion, the almost superhuman self-esteem, the rugged horse sense and adaptiveness, which he displayed in the wider circles, whereof London and Philadelphia were the centres, were developed and exhibited here in the barracks of St. John and Fredericton.

It is not my present purpose to discuss Cobbett's place in history, or to describe any part of his extraordinary career—as royalist in democratic America, and democrat in royalist England; as the political comrade and sworn foe of Pitt; as the friend of the royal family dined and wineed at Halifax by the Duke of Kent, and afterwards charging the Duke of York with the sale of promotions in the army for the maintenance of his mistress; the man who took up the fight of Queen Caroline against George the Fourth,

and who wrote for that picturesque female the pathetic letter to her husband which moved the nation to tears by its touching confession of a mother's fond affection and a wife's tender devotion.

This much may be said now, that Cobbett, whom the common people heard gladly, was in his way the greatest of pamphleteers inasmuch as he could get a glad hearing, whether he denounced Paine or Pitt, paper money or potatoes; whether he condemned the use of tea or commended small beer; whether he discussed the political issues of the day or the Protestant Reformation; advocated the introduction of Indian corn or manhood suffrage; whether he maligned the Methodist church, the bishops or vaccination; whether he scoffed at the plays of Shakespeare, exposed the bad English of Addison, or used the speeches from the throne as sentences to be corrected in grammar. Writing from his mean lodgings in some back street, from a fine house in London, from his £40,000 farm at Botley, from his seat in parliament, from Newgate prison, or from country taverns on his rural rides, he wrote for the crowd, and the crowd heard him. Sometimes his income as an author was \$50,000 a year, sometimes it was only libel suits, bankruptcy, prison and exile. But he never lost his audience.

This Cobbett, reformer, radical, or royalist, was always and everywhere a preacher. It is not too much to say that the rise of the modern democracy in England, which has made that country's government more responsive to independent and original public opinion than any other on the continent, is due more to William Cobbett than to any other man.

This paper, however, does not deal with Cobbett as a public man, either in England or the United States,

but the events connected with his life as a soldier in this Province.

One would expect that whatever dispute might arise about Cobbett's various and picturesque moods and political re-adjustments, there could be in the case of a man so remarkable for precision and so fond of discussing his own career, no question of the year of his birth. More especially should this be expected since Cobbett himself makes so much of the claim that he was a good soldier at seventeen, a corporal at eighteen, and that he was "at an age under twenty years raised from corporal to sergeant major at once over the heads of thirty sergeants."

Now Cobbett joined the army in 1784. He was a non-commissioned officer in 1795, and sergeant major in 1796. This appears from the recommendation for his discharge given by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as follows:

"By the Right Hon. Major Lord Fitzgerald, commanding His Majesty's 54th Regiment of Foot, whereof Lieut.-Gen. Frederick is colonel. These are to certify, that the bearer hereof, William Cobbett, sergeant major in the aforesaid regiment, has served honestly and faithfully for eight years, nearly seven of which he has been a non-commissioned officer, and of that time he has been five years sergeant major to the regiment, but having very earnestly applied for his discharge, he, in consideration of his good behaviour and the service he has rendered to the regiment, is hereby discharged.

Given under my hand and the seal of the regiment, at Portsmouth, this 19th day of December, 1791.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

General Frederick endorsed this action, added his thanks to those of Lord Edward, though as an ornamental colonel he probably knew little about Cobbett's services. In fact Lord Edward himself must have

*Political Register, June, 1809.

known little more, except from hearsay, as he was not with the regiment more than six months, and probably a greater part of that time he was roaming about the New Brunswick woods, as was his romantic habit.

If Cobbett were right in the statement of his age, he would have been born in 1766, and in several places in his writing he gives that year as the date of his birth. He excuses one of his love affairs and many of his political utterances on the ground of his youth, representing himself always to be four years younger than he really was. To add to the confusion, Henry Morley, in his introduction to one of Cobbett's books, says that he was born in 1762, but makes him only twenty-eight years old in 1794, and the *Encyclopedia Britannica* gives 1766 instead of 1762 as the date of his birth. The whole matter is settled by the register at Farnham, by which it appears that he was christened with a younger brother in April, 1763, and the inscription on his coffin, which gives the correct date of his birth, March, 9, 1762.

This weakens the pleasing tradition of Cobbett's precocity. He was not sixteen or eighteen, but twenty-two when he joined the army, not seventeen, but twenty-three, when he came to New Brunswick, not eighteen, but twenty-three, when he became corporal, and his promotion to sergeant major occurred when he was twenty-five, instead of nineteen or twenty. When he saw his girl at the spring on the hill where Rockland Road is now, he was twenty-five or more, and when he met the other girl at the Nashwaak he was twenty-seven. He was married at thirty.

We do not need to deal here with much of Cobbett's early life. Not much is known of it, except what he discloses incidentally in his various books.

It seems that his father gave him the rudiments of good common school education. He was taught to read at an early age, and he was well grounded in arithmetic. His father did not teach him grammar at home, as he did other things, for the father does not appear to have understood the technical terms of grammarians. But he evidently had the substance of the science, for he seems to have been a master of good English.

As a boy, Cobbett made great use of his eyes and ears, and his frequent allusions to the scenery and natural objects which attracted his attention in childhood shows that he began his studies of nature and human nature at an early age. He also showed a disposition in extreme youth to retaliate upon those who injured or insulted him.

"When I was a boy," he says, "a huntsman, George Bradley, gave me a cut with his whip because I jumped in among the dogs, pulled a hare from them and got their scent on Seal Common near Waverley Abbey." At the time Cobbett could do nothing but call names, and he gave Bradley plenty of these. He goes on to say that,—

"The native resources of my mind made me inflict justice upon him. I waited until Bradley and his pack were trailing for a hare in the neighborhood of the same Seal Common. I placed myself with a red herring at the end of a string, near a path where I was sure the hare would go. By and by I heard the view hallo and full cry. I squatted down on the fern, and my heart bounded with the prospect of inflicting justice, when I saw my lady come skipping by toward Pepper Hollow. I clapped down my herring, went off at a right angle, clambered up a steep bank where the horsemen could not follow, went over the roughest part of the Common, through Moore Park, there I gave some twirls about to amuse Mr. Bradley for half an hour. Then off I went and down a hanger at last, to the bottom of which no horseman could get without riding around a quarter of a mile."

At the bottom was an alder moor ending in a swamp and a river. Cobbett says that he tossed the herring into the stream and then re-climbed the steep hill which he calls a hanger, where he watched the proceeding of the hunters. The sport continued until late at night, overrunning the track a hundred times, spending an hour in the stubble field, plunging and miring in the moor, crossing the river at a mill and exploring both sides of the stream, finally, "amid conjectures, disputations, mutual blamings and swearings, they concluded, some half-leg deep in dirt and going soaking home at the end of a drizzling day." It may surprise this company to know from Mr. Cobbett "that at this time I was only about eight years old."*

One other incident to show his early appreciation of good literature, and we shall proceed at once to his military life in this country. Cobbett always had a passion for Swift, the first writer with whom he made acquaintance after Moses. Whether he heard about Swift from his father does not appear, but the elder Cobbett might have known that Swift was a resident of Temple's home near by. In fact it was at his same Moore Park, through which the boy dragged the herring, that the *Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of Books* were written. This fact, however, did not introduce him to the *Tale of a Tub*. Young Cobbett heard of the beautiful gardens of Kew, and had a desire to work in them. He set out on a June morning to walk thither (say thirty miles), having in his pocket thirteen half pence, of which he lost one. Two pence he spent for bread and cheese, and one for small beer. He says:

"With three pence for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock frock, and my red

*Letter to Hon. John Stuart Wortley. Cobbett's Pol. Reg. Vol. 81, page 513.

garters tied about my knees when, staring at me, my eyes fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, "Tale of a Tub, price three pence." The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the three pence, but then I would not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field in the upper corner of the Kew Gardens, where stood a hay stack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before—it was something so new to my mind—that though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect. I read on until it was dark without any thought of supper or bed."

The boy slept by the stack that night, and next day went on reading as he went to Kew, where the Scotch gardener gave him work. He also lent him books on gardening, but they seemed dull after Swift. This little volume he carried about with him everywhere for several years. The fate will be mentioned later. Cobbett says that at this time when he preferred Swift to his dinner, when he was ready to sleep behind a haystack rather than postpone the reading, and when he was allowed to scour the country looking for work with six pence in his pocket, he was eleven years old. I need not say that "The Tale of a Tub," great book as it is, would hardly absorb the attention of many boys of that age. It is a political or ecclesiastical allegory, requiring a somewhat mature and cultivated mind to see its force. I am disposed to add to the age of Cobbett, at the time of the red-herring episode, and the Tale of the Tub adventure, the four years that we must add to the years he claims when he joined the army. Even then we may see in one incident the promise of the greatest controversial pamphleteer of his time, and in the other the sign of the intellectual activity and industry which are the wonder of all his biographers.

The Tale of a Tub story is taken from a note in a recent Life of Swift, and was published in the *Evening Post* when Cobbett was appealing to Reformers to pay his election expenses. The Annual Register of 1835 contained a long obituary notice, in which it was stated that Cobbett's father was a publican as well as a farmer, and that the tavern he kept was called "The Jolly Farmer." The authorities all agree that the lad had a desire to go to sea, and that once he went on board a man-of-war at Portsmouth, intending to enlist as a marine. Also that when he actually did enlist at Chatham, he thought he was joining the navy.

He left home in 1783 (May 6) to go to Guilford Fair, but on a sudden impulse he rode on with the coach to London, thereby disappointing a group of girls whom he had promised to take to the show. A hop merchant who knew Cobbett's father got him a place as a copy'ng clerk with Mr. Holland, an attorney at Gray's Inn. He stayed there nine months and then enlisted. At Chatham he was clerk to General Debeig, in command of the garrison. It was this general who advised him to study grammar, and recommended Bishop Lowth's text-book. Cobbett copied the whole volume three times and learned it by heart, imposing upon himself the task of saying it all over every time he did sentinel duty. In later years, when he himself became a writer of grammar, he did not think so highly of his early master.

Cobbett was in many respects a typical man for a non-commissioned officer. He had a perfect physique, and was capable of enormous labor. When he was an elderly man, and weighed, as he said, as much as four bushels of wheat (240 pounds), he could ride

nine hours in the field, or after the hounds, without dismounting. He was methodical, determined to excel, well educated for a soldier, and absolutely sure of himself. It is not surprising that he commended himself to the officers and obtained advancement. If the officers were half as lazy and inefficient as he represents them, it was convenient for them to have a sergeant major to do the work that they should have been able and willing to do for themselves.

A man who rose at daylight in summer and at four o'clock in winter, who dressed with extreme neatness, shaved with cold water, and was always ready for duty hours before he was needed, who abstained from drink, even refusing tea, and was exceedingly temperate in his eating, who could write a hand like a copperplate, who was a perfect master of English composition, who could draw plans for buildings or fortifications, could ride a horse, go through the woods without getting lost, manage a team or a canoe, who knew the exercise book better than any of the officers, was pretty sure to find an opportunity in a new country such as this province. He was with a regiment that contained many recruits and many officers who did not know their business, while the colonel was absent all the time, and the major nearly all.

When the 54th came to Halifax from the war which closed in 1783, it would require fresh men. Among those sent over from England in 1785 was Cobbett, who had enlisted at Chatham during 1784, and had been, it would appear, less than a year in barracks at home. During that time he had made a particular study of English grammar. He bought his books, pen and paper out of his six pence a day allowance, or rather out of his two pence per week left over after the necessary expenditure at the market. He often

went to bed hungry because of this outlay, and once cried like a child over the loss of a half penny. But when he did learn grammar, he knew it as one can see who takes the trouble to examine the text-book which he wrote.

Of Cobbett's short residence at Halifax there is little mention. It is probable that the regiment came to St. John soon after he joined, for though in his papers he makes frequent mention of what he saw in New Brunswick, there is hardly a personal allusion to Nova Scotia. The troops would come from Halifax by water. The only mention that Cobbett makes of his trip is one about *The Tale of a Tub*. "When at twenty years old I lost that book in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, North America; the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds." I think Cobbett was a corporal when he came to St. John. If not, he was appointed about that time. He was also made clerk to the regiment (Register, June, 1809). Before his promotion, a clerk was an officer with no other duties but to make out the report for the regiment. He says: "I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was done, and I myself was on the parade walking in fine weather for an hour perhaps."

The domestic romance which is associated with St. John in the life of Cobbett, and which alone would make the ridge from Fort Howe to Lily Lake a pleasant memory to him, will stand another telling. The regiment to which Cobbett belonged was quartered immediately below Fort Howe. It is said that the Mission Church stands on the site of the officers' quarters. Farther east, and on higher ground,

were the quarters of the artillery corps, in which Cobbett's future father-in-law was a non-commissioned officer. It would on its own account be a pleasant morning stroll to climb the hill and walk toward Lily Lake, past "Cobbett's spring," the spot associated with his delightful love story. Here is the first chapter as he gives it himself:

"When I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old, and I was about a month of twenty-one. I sat in a room with her for about an hour in company with others, and I made up my mind she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification, but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow was several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit when I had done my morning's writing to go out at break of day to take a walk on the hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had by invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light; but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we got cut of hearing. From the day that I had first spoken to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man more than I had thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a hundred miles, up the River St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery (to which her father belonged) was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted the part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous per-

sons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her. I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas,—the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the pay-master, the quarter-master, and others,—in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed; and wrote to her to beg of her if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means; but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I could get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid. At the end of four years, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without saying hardly a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of the hundred and fifty guineas unbroken. Need I tell the readers what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents this anecdote, and what effect it must have produced on the minds of our children? Admiration of her conduct and self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment, were added to the love of her beautiful person."

There is something more to be said about Cobbett's wife, but at this stage in the story we may turn back. I take up another New Brunswick love story in which he does not appear to quite the same advantage.

Again we take his own narrative, which is interesting not only as a part of the story of his own life, but for the light it throws upon the condition of things in the province one hundred and twenty years ago:

"The Province of New Brunswick, in North America, in which I passed the years from eighteen to that of twenty-

six, consists, in general, of heaps of rocks, in the interstices of which grow the pine, the spruce, and various sorts of fir trees; or, where the woods have been burned down, the bushes of the raspberry or those of the huckleberry. The province is cut asunder by a great river, called the St. John, which is about two hundred miles in length, and, at half way to the mouth, full a mile wide. Into this main river run innumerable smaller rivers, there called creeks. On the sides of these creeks the land is in some places clear of rocks; it is, in these places, generally good and productive; the trees that grow here are the birch, maple, and others of the deciduous class; natural meadows here and there present themselves; and some of these spots far surpass in rural beauty any other that my eyes ever beheld; the creeks abounding towards their sources in waterfalls of endless variety, as well in form as in magnitude, and always teeming in fish, while water-fowl enliven the surface, and wild-pigeons of the gayest plumage flutter in thousands upon thousands amongst the branches of the beautiful trees, which, sometimes, for miles together, form an arch over the creeks.

"I, in one of my rambles in the woods, in which I took great delight, came to a spot a very short distance from the source of one of these creeks. Here was everything to delight the eye, and especially one like me, who seems to have been born to love a rural life, the trees and the plants of all kinds. Here was about two hundred acres of natural meadow interspersed with patches of maple trees in various forms and of various extent; the creek (here about thirty miles from its point of joining the St. John) ran down the middle of the spot which formed a sort of dish, and high and rocky hills rising all around it, except at the outlet of the creek, and these hills crowned with lofty pine; in the hills were the sources of the creek, the waters of which came down in cascades, for any one of which many a nobleman in England would, if he could transfer it, give a good slice of his fertile estate; and in the creek at the foot of the cascades, there was, in the season, salmon, the finest in the world, and so abundant, and so easily taken, as to be used for manuring the land.

"If Nature, in her very best humor, had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had made here. But I found something here besides the rude works of nature: I found

something in the fashioning of which man had had something to do. I found a large and well-built log dwelling house, (standing in the month of September) on the edge of a very good field of Indian corn, by the side of which there was a piece of buckwheat just then mowed. I found a homestead, and some very pretty cows. I found all things by which an easy and happy farmer is surrounded; and I found still something besides all these, that was destined to give me a great deal of pleasure and also a great deal of pain, both in their extreme degrees; and both of which, in spite of the lapse of forty years, now make an attempt to rush back into my heart.

"Partly from misinformation, and partly from miscalculation, I had lost my way; and, quite alone, but armed with my sword and a brace of pistols, to defend myself against the bears, I arrived at the log house in the middle of a moonlight night, the hoar frost covering the trees and the grass. A stout and clamorous dog, kept off by the gleaming of my sword, waked the master of the house, who got up, received me with great hospitality, got me something to eat, and put me into a feather bed, that I had been a stranger to for some years. I, being very tired, had tried to pass the night in the woods, between the trunks of two large trees, which had fallen side by side, and within a yard of each other. I had made a nest for myself of dry fern, and had made a covering by laying the boughs of spruce across the trunks of the trees. But unable to sleep on account of the cold, becoming sick from the great quantity of water that I had drunk during the heat of the day, and being, moreover, alarmed at the noise of the bears, and lest one of them should find me in a defenceless state, I had roused myself up, and had crept along as well as I could. So that no hero of eastern romance ever experienced a more enchanting change.

"I got into the house of one of those Yankee Loyalists, who, at the close of the Revolutionary War (which, until it had succeeded, was called a rebellion), had accepted grants of land in the King's Province of New Brunswick; and who, to the great honor of England, had been furnished with all the means of making new and comfortable settlements. I was suffered to sleep until breakfast time, when I found a table, the like of which I have since seen so many in the United States, loaded with good things. The master and

mistress of the house, aged about fifty, were like what an English farmer and his wife were half a century ago. There were two sons, tall and stout, who appeared to have come in from work, the youngest of whom was about my age, then twenty-three. But there was another member of the family, aged nineteen, who (dressed according to the neat and simple fashion of New England, whence she had come with her parents five or six years before) had her long light-brown hair twisted nicely up, and fastened on her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and that sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominant expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion indicative of glowing health, and forming, figure, movements, and all taken together, an assemblage of beauties, far surpassing any that I had ever seen but once in my life. That once was, too, two years ago; and in such a case and in such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while. It was a space as long as the eleventh part of my then life. Here was the present against the absent; here was the power of the eyes pitted against that of the memory; here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of the thoughts; here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here were also the life and the manners and the habits, and the pursuits that I delighted in; here was everything that imagination can conceive, united in a conspiracy against the little brunnette in England. What, then, did I fall in love at once with this bouquet of lilies and roses? Oh, by no means. I was, however, so enchanted with the place; I so much enjoyed its tranquility, the shade of the maple trees, the business of the farm, the sports of the water and the woods, that I stayed there till the last possible moment, promising, at my departure, to come again as often as I possibly could; a promise which I most punctually fulfilled.

"Winter is the great season for jaunting and dancing (called frolicking) in America. In this province the river and the creeks were the only roads from settlement to settlement. In summer we travelled in canoes; in winter in sleds on the ice or snow. During more than two years I spent all the time I could with my Yankee friends; they were all fond of me; I talked to them about country affairs, my evident delight in which they took as a compliment to themselves: the

father and mother treated me as one of their own children; the sons as a brother; and the daughter, who was as modest and as full of sensibility as she was beautiful, in a way to a chap much less sanguine than I was would have given the tenderest interpretation; which treatment I, especially in the last-mentioned case, most cordially repaid.

"It is when you meet in company with others of your own age that you are, in love matters, put most frequently to the test, and exposed to detection. The next door neighbor might, in that country, be ten miles off. We used to have a frolic, sometimes at one house and sometimes at another. Here, where female eyes are very much on the alert, no secret can long be kept; and very soon, father, mother, brothers, and the whole neighborhood looked upon the thing as certain, not excepting herself, to whom I, however, had never once even talked of marriage, and had never even told her that I loved her. But I had a thousand times done this by implication, taking into view the interpretation that she would naturally put upon my looks, appellations, and acts; and it was of this I had to accuse myself.

"Yet I was not a deceiver; for my affection for her was very great; I spent no really pleasant hours but with her; I was uneasy if she showed the slightest regard for any other young man; I was unhappy if the smallest matter affected her health or spirits; I quitted her in dejection, and returned to her with eager delight; many a time when I could get leave but for a day, I paddled in a canoe two whole succeeding nights in order to pass that day with her. If this was not love, it was first cousin to it; for as to any criminal intention, I had no more thought of it than if she had been my sister. Many times I put to myself the questions, 'What am I at? Is not this wrong? Why do I go?' But still I went.

"Then, further in my excuse, my prior engagement, though carefully left unalluded to by both parties, was, in that thin population, and owing to the singular circumstances of it, and the great talk that there always was about me, perfectly well known to her and all her family. It was matter of much notoriety and conversation in the province, that General Carleton (brother of the late Lord Dorchester) who was the governor when I was there, when he, about fifteen years afterwards, did me the honor, on his return to England, to come and see me at my house in Duke Street, Westminster,

asked, before he went away, to see my wife, of whom he had heard so much before her marriage. So that there was no deception on my part; but still I ought not to have suffered even the most distant hope to be entertained by a person so innocent, so amiable, for whom I had so much affection, and to whose heart I had no right to give a single twinge. I ought from the very first to have prevented the possibility of her ever feeling pain on my account. I was young, to be sure; but I was old enough to know what was my duty in this case, and I ought, dismissing my own feelings, to have had the resolution to perform it.

"The last parting came; and now came my just punishment. The time was known to everybody, and irrevocably fixed; for I had to move with the regiment, and the embarkation of a regiment is an epoch in a thinly settled province. To describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head. The kind and virtuous father came forty miles to see me, just as I was going on board in the river. His looks and words I have never forgotten. As the vessel descended she passed the mouth of that creek, which I had so often entered with delight; and though England, and all that England contained, were before me, I lost sight of this creek with an aching heart.

"On what trifles turn the greatest events of a man. If I had received a cool letter from my intended wife; if I had only heard a rumor of anything from which fickleness in her mind might have been inferred; if I had found in her any, even the smallest abatement of affection; if she had but left go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart; if any of these had occurred, never would the world have heard me. Young as I was; able as I was as a soldier; proud as I was of the admiration and commendations of which I was the object; fond as I was, too, of the command, which, at so early an age, my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me; sanguine as was my mind, and brilliant as were my prospects; yet I had seen so much of the meanness, the unjust partialities, the insolent pomposity, the disgusting dissipations of that way of life, that I was weary of it; I longed to exchange my fine laced coat for the Yankee farmer's homespun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring voice

of authority again; and, on the lonely banks of this branch-covered creek, which contains (she out of the question) everything congenial to my tastes and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfear'd, unenvied and uncalumnated, should have lived and died.*

Mr. W. G. McFarlane, in a series of papers written some years ago for the *St. John Sun*, speaks of this incident, and locates the Loyalist farmer on the Oromocto. It seems to me much more likely that he dwelt on the Nashwaak. The distances given by Cobbett in his *New Brunswick reminiscences* are often exaggerated, the scenery seems to suit the Nashwaak, while the early settlers of that district included many families such as are described. Still I quote a passage from another of Cobbett's works which may be thought more favorable to the Oromocto theory. In describing a journey of his own in Kent about a third of a century afterward (1825), Cobbett writes thus of the journey from Tenterten to Appledore:

"The fog was so thick and white along some of the low land, that I should have taken it for water if little hills and trees had not risen up through it here and there. Indeed, the views was very much like those which are presented in the deep valleys, near the great rivers in New Brunswick (North America), at the time when the snows melt in the spring, and when, in sailing over those valleys, you look down from the side of your canoe, and see the lofty woods beneath you! I once went in a log-canoe across a sylvan sea of this description, the canoe being paddled by two Yankees. We started in a stream; the stream became a wide water, and the water got deeper and deeper, as I could see by the trees (all was woods) till we got to sail amongst the top branches of the trees. By-and-by we got into a large open space; a piece of water about a mile or two, or three to four wide, with the woods under us! A fog, with the tops of trees rising through it, is very much like this; and such was the fog I saw this morning in my ride to Appledore."*

*Advice to Young Men, Morley's Edition, page 126.

*Rural Rides, Edition 1853, page 239.

We may, if you like, though we are not bound to do it, suppose that Cobbett was on this occasion returning from a journey to his Yankee girl, and that the Yankees who rowed him were the stalwart brothers.

It may be said here that Cobbett's hastily chosen wife was a treasure to him. Surely the world could not have contained a woman better fitted to be the wife of a man so strenuous, so full of self-esteem, so enterprising, so terribly fond of raising trouble in the world. In the perpetual cyclone which Cobbett managed to keep in operation, Mrs. Cobbett moved serene and equable, bearing strong children and bringing them up, minding the house and the farm, visiting her husband at Newgate when she could, at other times sending him hampers of fowl and eggs, roast pig and vegetables and home made cheese. If a mob smashed his windows in England, or threatened to lynch him in America, Mrs. Cobbett did not go into hysterics. She received Fallyrand and other noblemen, met leading men in London, or in her country home, and saw them all two or three o'clock in the morning, like Lucrecia, with a supper ready for her lord when he should return with his comrades from some of his political agitation meetings. Toward the end of his troubled life, Cobbett said that he owed it to his wife that he never had real cares. He could always leave his house and family with as little anxiety as he would quit an inn, not more fearing to find anything wrong than he feared a discontinuance of the rising and setting of the sun. He had all the numerous delights of home and children, and all a bachelor's freedom from domestic care. Many sons this woman who grew up in St. John bore him, who became as tall and strong as their father;

several daughters as beautiful and as good as their mother. She had each one inoculated with small-pox, while she nursed it, Cobbett having a malignant aversion to "that beastly cow stuff," as he called vaccination, and having fiercely opposed the grant of £20,000 to Jenner for the discovery. Yet Mrs. Cobbett never had the small-pox. The girl of the wash-tub outlived her husband, who died at 73, and when she had been a widow eleven years, published an addition to his work on Cottage Economy, wherein she gave a number of new receipts for cooking and house-keeping, with particular reference to the dishes her husband used to like.*

And Cobbett was a good husband. He never stayed away from home when he could help it. Her praise was constantly in his mouth. At her first quiet suggestion he gave up, after his marriage, a boisterous soldier's habit of being familiar with other girls.*

In Pennsylvania during their early married life, when she was in delicate health, he came home from his work and went out again to parade the street all night with a club driving off the dogs, whose barking was disagreeable. The only thing she feared was thunder, and if a storm arose when he was giving an English lesson to French royalist refugees, at Philadelphia, he dropped his conjugations and started full run for home, so that it became a by-word, when making his class appointment, "*Sauve le tonnerre, monsieurs.*"

The first child died, and it was while watching with the mother over this babe that he wrote the grammar for teaching French people English, which in his

*Cottage Economy, 19th Edition.

*Advice to Young Men.

modest way he says "has been for thirty years, and still is the great work of this kind throughout all America, and in every nation in Europe." I may go out of the way to say that in Cobbett's opinion all his books were the greatest of his kind; one gathers from his criticisms that only about 130 volumes of good literature have been written in English. That is approximately the number of Cobbett's works.

One thing more might be said respecting this marriage. In Philadelphia, where Cobbett soon made himself a storm centre by attacking the radicals, he was called a deserter from the British army, and it was slanderously affirmed that the lady he brought to America with him was not his wife. Cobbett produced his marriage certificate, which he showed to Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, an eminent scholar and divine. In his English grammar, printed years after, Cobbett devotes a couple of pages to Abercrombie's bad English,* though in that interesting text-book he observes that the doctor was a kind and worthy man, and that he baptized the two eldest Cobbett children. And if he devotes two pages to Abercrombie's bad English, he gives many times more to the errors of Addison, Dr. Johnson, Blair and Dr. Watts.

It will be remembered that Cobbett gave his betrothed 150 guineas, which seems to have been the savings of two years as sergeant major and one year as corporal, or 50 guineas a year. He explains in the register that after his marriage he had only £200, which shows that he only saved £50 in the last four years, most of the time spent at Fredericton. I suspect that he lived a gayer and more social life there.

A pleasing picture of Cobbett's house is given by a distinguished literary woman, Miss Mitford, who

* Cobbett's Grammar, page 65.

with her father was a frequent visitor at the Botley estate. There she met, among others, Mr. Gifford, of the Quarterly, with his family, and also the most famous of Lord Dundonald's ancestors, that Lord Cochrane, who became a great national hero because of his dashing career as a naval officer, and who was destined like Cobbett to suffer fine and imprisonment. Dismissed later from the navy and disgraced, he went abroad, commanding with great success the navy of Chile, and then the fleet of Brazil. Returning to England he vindicated his character, became rear admiral, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Mitford found this young hero, afterwards known on the South American coast as "El Diablo," to be in Cobbett's house, "a gentle, quiet, mild young man," though already famous as "a burner of French fleets and a cutter out of Spanish vessels." Cobbett's house was then thronged with guests of all ranks, "from the Earl and his countess to the farmer and his dame," and he explains in his books that he supported a family of nineteen, including nephews and nieces.

In these rather exacting circumstances our lady of the washtub rose easily and gracefully to the occasion. Miss Mitford was in her day the guest of the finest houses in England, and knew what a hostess should be. She says:

Everything was excellent—everything abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that in the large circle of guests no one could find himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Alice Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and children.

When Cobbett was a corporal, that is within two years after he enlisted, "the new discipline," as it was called, was introduced. This Dundas system, as they named it from the war minister, was sent out in little books to be studied by the officers. According to Cobbett, the officers at St. John did not study much. He says, "Any old woman might have written such a book, as it was excessively foolish from beginning to end." But it ordered a total change, and this change was to be completed before the next annual review. We may quote further:

To make this change was left to me, who was not then twenty years of age (he was 24) while not a single officer in the regiment paid the least attention to the matter, so that when the time came for the annual review, I then a corporal, had to give lectures to the officers themselves, the colonel not excepted; and for several of them, if not for all of them, I had to make out upon large cards, which they brought for the purpose, little plans of the position of the regiment, together with the list of the words of command, which they had to give in the field.*

At the review we may suppose that General Carlton, governor of the province, was present, and it was hard on Cobbett's pride that he was no longer prominent. He says:

There was I at the review upon the flank of the Grenadier company, with my worsted shoulder knot, and my great high, coarse, hairy cap, confounded in the ranks amongst other men, while those who were commanding me to move my hands or my feet, thus or thus, were uttering words which I had taught them, and were in everything, except mere authority, my inferiors, and ought to have been commanded by me.

Out of the bitterness of these reflections and a discovery made by Cobbett while the regiment was at St. John, came the resolution to bring down the pride of some of his officers. If about this time, 116 years

* Cobbett's Political Works, Vol. 3, page 252.

ago, one of us could have passed by the quarters of Sergeant Major Cobbett, at three or four o'clock in the morning, he might have seen that sturdy and portly, but athletic, young man, hard at work copying papers, inspecting regimental books, making memoranda, and doing it all with caution and circumspection. Later at Frederiction the light in Cobbett's quarters burned late and early. He had now with him in these secret operations a still younger and much smaller man, a corporal, only five feet high. They two were working up a boodle investigation. Let us take Cobbett's own story. He was clerk to the regiment, and had all the business in his hands. Before he had held the job a year "neither adjutant, paymaster, or quarter-master could move a step without my assistance." He discovered that the quarter-master who issued the men's provisions kept about the fourth part to himself. Cobbett informed the old sergeants and they told him this had gone on for years. They were terrified at the idea of Cobbett mentioning it. He did mention it, however, to some of his superiors, but the answer he got led him to conclude to say no more until he got to England. Meanwhile there was nothing to hinder his preparation of the case as he had access to all the books. But in the winter of 1791 he began to see that after he should get to England the books might not be available. So he made extracts. Then it occurred to him that he should be in a position to prove his extracts genuine.

Corporal Bestland was a sort of assistant clerk. "He was," says Cobbett, "a very honest fellow, much bound to me for my goodness to him; and was, with the sole exception of myself, the only sober man in the whole regiment." They, two, made themselves

busy in the matter. "To work we went, and during a long winter, while the rest were boozing and snoring, we gutted no small part of the regimental books."

It will be seen that the Nashwaak lady was not allowed to take his attention from this mission.

They took copies, signed each with their names, and clapped the regimental seal to it, so they could swear to the copy. Cobbett had a strong box made, in which he kept these dangerous papers. He had several bad frights, but got his papers safe to Portsmouth and to London.

The subsequent story of the charges is a long one. Cobbett laid his complaint before the war office. He had first secured his discharge, as already mentioned, through the good offices of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but unfortunately little Bestland was still in peril. In spite of Cobbett's urgent appeals the regimental books were not secured by the war office. He had then to fall back on his copies. But he had promised Bestland, who feared a flogging, that his name would not be brought into the case until he also was discharged. Cobbett asked that the war office would promise to discharge a man whom he should name after the promise was given. This was refused. The case dragged a few weeks. Then Cobbett, who had married on his return to England, packed up what he had, took the lady of the washtub, and made his way to France.

It was always stated by his enemies that he did not go empty-handed. In short, the charge was that he took money to abandon the case. There is, however, no need to suppose so, for it was evident that he could not get far with it.

Years afterward Cobbett supported the charges made against the Duke of York, son of the reigning King, who was accused of giving commissions and promotions to undeserving people in consideration of substantial payments to Mrs. Clarke, the Duke's mistress.

In the stormy discussion of these charges, Cobbett's sudden abandonment of the New Brunswick case was thrown up to him, and it was in answer to these reflections that he gave the statements which have been quoted.

If Cobbett went to France in the spring of 1792 somewhat acquainted with the French language and literature, it was because the study of French was another of his New Brunswick activities. This study seems to have been taken up from pure lust for work. He could not when here have foreseen that he would find it convenient to rush to that country, or that having been driven from France by the revolution which followed hard upon his arrival, he should make several hundred pounds a year during the next three years in Philadelphia by teaching English to French refugees. This he did, while incidentally he belabored Tom Paine, Jefferson, Franklin and Citizen Genet through his pamphlets. His career in the Quaker city was closed by a condemnation to pay \$5,000 damages to Dr. Rush, who, according to Cobbett, had killed some hundreds of people by excessive bleeding — among others, George Washington.

Cobbett did some other things in New Brunswick. In no less than three of his books he mentions a certain royal commission. The date should be about 1790, for he intimates that it was a year before he left the province.

"I remember," he says, "a set of commissioners being sent out from England, a part of whose business it was to make a statement and report of the population. They lived about our quarters for some time; they had some jovial carousings with our officers; but it was I who made out their statement and drew up this report to be sent home to the King, for which, by the by, they never gave me even their thanks. This statement, which, as was the case with everything that I meddled with, was done in so clear, correct, and in point of penmanship, so beautiful a manner, that I have been told the Duke of Kent, when he afterwards became commander-in-chief in these provinces, had it copied, and took away the original as a curiosity."

I copy this from the Political Register of 1807.

In his book, called Cobbett's Corn—quoted in the note to Rural Rides—it is stated that the document came into the hands of the Duke of Kent. There is no hearsay about it this time, for Cobbett states that the Duke showed the paper to him on the often mentioned occasion, when Cobbett, proceeding from Philadelphia to London, had the honor to dine with that royal personage. This was in 1800, and Cobbett wrote in 1828.

A third story he gives in the Register of 1824. As this passage is rather interesting from a local point of view, I quote a somewhat long extract.

Cobbett is denouncing Sir Francis Burdett, a former intimate associate, from whom he had received £3,000, which, according to Burdett, was a loan never repaid, and in Cobbett's view a political subscription. Burdett had been a radical member of parliament, and was a colleague of Lord Cochrane when the latter was sent to prison and sentenced to stand in the pillory. This latter part of the sentence was not carried out. If it had been, Sir Francis would have voluntarily stood in the pillory with his friend and colleague.

Burdett had a scheme for sending the suffering Irish to the colonies, and Cobbett was contending in his demagogical way that it would be better to provide for them at home. He gives a dramatic statement of the difficulties of transporting a million people and starting them as settlers in the woods, and adds:

But the best way of showing what must be done in such a case, is to show what actually was done, when this government colonized New Brunswick, which country is, in my opinion, one of the best colonies for purposes of this sort that belong to His Majesty's Dominions.

At the close of the American war, our government sent a parcel of old soldiers, who during the war had married Yankee girls, and a parcel of native American royalists, who thought it inconvenient to remain among the rebels. These were to settle a district, which in honor of that glorious family of which Mr. Charles Yorke talks so much in answer to the slanders of the wicked Mrs. Clarke, is called New Brunswick. The district begins at the northern end of the Atlantic coast of the United States, and it extends northward about eight or nine hundred miles perhaps. The main settlement was at the mouth of a very fine river called the St. John, which comes down nearly from Quebec and empties itself into the Bay of Fundy.

I was in that province not long after the colonizing began. Commissioners were sent out into the province after I had been in it about six or seven years. Their business was to make a survey of the province—they did make the survey. Their mass of rude materials, and more rude I never saw, were put into my hands, and I, who was a sergeant major, drew up their report, which they sent to the government. That was about thirty-five years ago, and I dare say, those commissioners have, if they be alive, pensions to this day.

I know, therefore, something about the manner in which a government colonizes. The distance which the people had to go was a mere trifle. The expense of this was very little. Then the settlers were far from being poor. They were soldiers, who had gone through a war, or they were able Yankee farmers. * * * Yet they had provisions (pork,

flour, butter, peas and rice) found them for four years. They had blankets found them to a liberal extent. They were supplied with tools, nails and other things. * * * And though they were not more than 20,000, the suffering among them after the four years was very great. * * * Is it likely that each settler cost the country less than 50 pounds? There was a provision store for them which served afterwards as a barrack for 400 men.

Who composed this commission? What was its object? Why was the beautiful report of Cobbett left at Fredericton? I am not able to answer these questions, unless the commissioners were Dundas and Pemberton, who came to this country to inquire into and report upon Loyalist losses. In the Winslow papers, edited by Rev. Dr. Raymond (page 321), we find Lieutenant Gordon writing from Halifax to Edward Winslow, that the Loyalist commissioners will go to New Brunswick in June, 1796. In connection with Cobbett's reflections, it may be worthy of notice that "Pemberton was one of a whist party at the general's." In December, 1796, Dundas writes to Earl Cornwallis an account of the condition of things in the province, in which it shows that his enquiry went beyond the Loyalist losses. He did not get away until the summer of 1787, which was the year of Cobbett's removal from St. John to Fredericton. It is perhaps material to this enquiry that the Duke of Kent came to St. John and visited Fredericton in 1794.

Still we have not exhausted the special labors of Cobbett in the province. I quote again:

The fame of my services and talents ran through the whole country. I was invited to visit people in all parts of the province. I had the settling, or rather the preventing, of eight or nine law suits, while we lay at Fredericton. I had the affairs of the whole regiment to attend to, all its accounts,

its parades, its guards, its everything. I found time to study English and French. I built a barrack for 400 men, without the aid of either draughtsman, carpenter or bricklayer. The soldiers under me cut down the timber and dug the stones, and I was the architect. I went through a tract of timber of above 100 miles, where no man ever ventured to go alone before, and this I did for the purpose of putting a stop to desertion, by showing the regiment that I myself was able to follow the fugitive. And accordingly, after that, we had no more desertion to the United States. With all these occupations (of which I mention only a few particulars that occur to me at this moment) I found time for skating, fishing and shooting, and all the other sports of the country, of which, when I left it, I had seen and knew more than any other man.*

I cannot refrain from giving another short quotation from the same letter :

Why I always had weight and power wherever I was. I was a leader, and it would have been a base abandonment of the claims which nature and habit have given me to pretend that I am nothing more than such a man as Parson Woodcock.

This is rather vain-glorious, but it is true, that even before Cobbett left New Brunswick his fame had begun to spread. In 1805 General Carleton went to Cobbett's house in England to remind him that he had the pleasure of knowing him in New Brunswick. He had been reviewing general when Cobbett thought that others were getting all the praise. General Carleton desired to see Mrs. Cobbett, remarking that he had heard in New Brunswick of Cobbett's love affair.

It is fair to say that Cobbett made one exception in expressing contempt for his officers. He told the Duke of Kent in Halifax that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a fine officer. The same year, dining at Mr. Windham's with Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning and

* Political Register, June, 1809.

others, Cobbett explained to Pitt that Lord Edward was "the only sober and only honest officer I had ever known in the army." But Lord Edward was not long with the 54th. He had served in the American war in other regiments, and in 1788 he joined the 54th in New Brunswick, because some disappointment in love impelled him to cross the seas. The impulsive and romantic disposition of this remarkable man had already begun to exhibit itself. Two letters of his to his mother, published in Moore's *Life of Fitzgerald*, shows that when Lord Edward arrived in Halifax, June 21, 1788, he refused to take the ordinary route by Annapolis. He had just crossed the Atlantic for at least the third time, and seems to have enjoyed it, yet professed to his mother that he was afraid of the Bay of Fundy trip from Annapolis to St. John, a passage which he had heard sometimes consumed a fortnight. Of course this was not the true reason. Lord Edward had already become a disciple of Rousseau, was fond of living in a state of nature, and much given to solitary and adventurous journeys. ? Lord Edward made the overland journey, with the colored boy who had saved his life at Eutaw Springs, arriving at St. John about the middle of July. He reports to his mother that the regiment is still there, but a part of it must certainly have gone to Fredericton. He would hardly get to Fredericton before August.* ?

On the 19th of the following March Lord Edward was in Quebec, having walked all the way on snowshoes in thirty-five days, thirty-one without seeing a house, and making the journey by a new route. Thence Lord Edward went west and south, bringing

* Probably Cobbett was then engaged in building the barracks.

up at New Orleans. He was turned back when he set out for Mexico, and had become initiated into an Indian tribe at Detroit.

As we have seen he was home in England when Cobbett arrived, and assisted him to obtain his discharge. But he left the regiment and the service soon after Cobbett, for while Cobbett was making his way to America to escape the French revolution Fitzgerald was having a glorious time with the revolutionists in France. There he drank the health of the nations with which Britain was at war, became a comrade of Tom Paine, and was so exuberant in his hatred to monarchies that the folks at home retired him from the army. How he made a sudden marriage with a certain Pamela, by some said to be the daughter of a Newfoundland man, and by others affirmed to be a daughter of Louis Philippe (Egalite), and sister to the later French king of that name; how he joined the king's enemies in fact at the last becoming commanding officer of Wolf-Tone's army of United Irishman; how after defeat he resisted capture and died of wounds received in a fight with the officers—is another story.

Of Cobbett, I will only give a few references to New Brunswick and one more allusion to his life here. In *Household Economy* he speaks of keeping cows and sheep and goats. Then he says:

When I was in the army in New Brunswick, where the snow lies on the ground seven months in the year, there were many goats that belonged to the regiment, and that went about with it on ship board and everywhere else. Some of them had gone through nearly the whole of the American war. We never fed them. In the summer they picked about wherever they could find grass, and in winter they lived upon cabbage leaves, turnip peelings, potato peelings, and other things flung out of the soldiers rooms and huts. One of these

goats belonged to me, and on an average throughout the year she gave me more than three half pints of milk a day. I used to have the kid killed when a few days old, and for some time the goat would give nearly, or quite, two quarts of milk a day. She was seldom dry more than three weeks in the year.

It may interest people of St. John to know Cobbett's opinion of sea-ports, since this is the one where he lived longer than at any other:

I hate commercial towns in general. There is generally something so loathsome in the look, and so stern and unfeeling in the manners of sea-faring people that I have always, from my very youth, disliked sea-ports.*

Here is an opinion of his concerning Canada.

Speaking of a crowd of Norfolk people who were "fleeing from the country," as he puts it, he said:

These were going to Quebec in timber ships, and from Quebec by land to the United States. They had been told that they would not be suffered to land in the United States from on board ship. The roguish villains had deceived them, but no matter. They will get to the United States, and going through Canada will do them good, for it will teach them to detest everything belonging to it.

Again referring to Hull, he says:

Ten large ships have gone this spring (1830) laden with these fugitives to escape the fangs of taxation. Those that have most money go direct to the United States. Single men, who are taken for a mere trifle in the Canadian ships, go that way, have nothing but their carcasses to carry over the rocks and swamps, and through the myriad place-men and pensioners of that miserable region.*

Again he denounces "the rocks and swamps of Nova Scotia and Canada."

From Glasgow the sensible Scotch are pouring out amain.

Those that are poor and cannot pay their passage, or can rake together only a trifle, are going to a rascally heap of

* Rural Rides, 1853 edition, page 592.

* Rural Rides, page 600.

sand and rock and swamp called Prince Edward Island, in the horrible Gulph of St. Lawrence; but when the American vessels come over with Indian corn and flour and pork and beef and poultry and eggs and butter and cabbages and green peas and asparogus, for the soldier officers and other tax eaters that we support upon that lump of worthlessness—for the lump itself bears nothing but potatoes—when these vessels come * * * with apples and pears and melons and cucumbers. The sensible Scotch will go with them to the United States for a dollar a head, till at last not a man of them will be left but the bed-ridden. These villainous colonies are held for no earthly purpose but that of giving money to the relations and dependents of the aristocracy. * * * Withdraw the English taxes, and except in a small part of Canada, the whole of these horrible regions would be left to the bears and the savages in the course of a year.

Such English as this, and other far stronger, for instance his description of fashionable life at Chilternham, or the really scurrilous abuse of Tom Paine, whose bones Cobbett afterward reverently resurrected to give them greater honor—(an honor they failed to receive because they fell into the hands of a receiver in bankruptcy)—such English Carlyle had in mind—when, classing Cobbett with Walter Scott, he said, “Cobbett also as the pattern John Bull of his country, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialties shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was nature to us when British literature lay all sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other sentimentalism, tearful or spasmodic nature was kind enough to send us two healthy men, of whom she might still say not without pride, ‘These also were made in England: Such limbs do I still make there.’”

S. D. SCOTT.